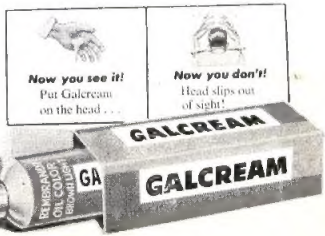
FEBRUARY 15¢ 1958 ★ CDC

HUMBUG

1958 MORN

GALCREAM no more greasy palms!

Here's how Galcream works . . .
The girl in the picture likes the feeling of the oil on the man. However— the man is the girl. The girl is the one with the short hair-cut with the Galcream.



Contains Fluoristan . . .

EDITOR/HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER/HARRY CHESTER STAFF ART/ JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE (EDIT), ARNOLD ROTH (EDIT) CONTRIBUTORS/ B BLECHMAN RUSS HEATH LAWRENCE SIEGEL

1958 . . .

The New Year. Humbug pauses to look back on half a year of life and growth. Yes . . . in the past half year, we have witnessed significant expansion at Humbug . . . a new stapling machine on the front desk . . . a rubber stamper with our name on it . . . an extra pencil sharpener (little square type).

What then will 1958 bring? Perhaps a mechanical tape wetter. Tape glue tastes awful.

And now to the letters.

Dear Editor Harvey Kurtzman:

I forgot what I was going to say! Fred Santino
Boston, Mass.

I was just noticing the clever way you and your staff scooped the world in your article on the Earth Satellite (Vol. 1, #4). No sooner did Humbug hit the stands than the Russians sent up their "moon." This was either a very wise piece of detective work or that suspicious red border around your mag means something! John Ball
Detroit, Mich.

When is the U.S. going to put its first Mednick into the air? Jack Gregory
Philadelphia, Pa.

Humbug Scoop

I have been looking for the John Hancocks of Elder, Davis and Kurtzman ever since that farshimelt trio left the pages of Mad . . . I had the pleasure of introducing HUMBUG to the Klan at Eastern High. HUMBUG has caught fire here and the Klan has made HUMBUG official Klan literature. We have also changed from Neumans to Mednicks. Cal Simpson
Lansing, Mich.

. . . in your Humbug Hero of the Month you have slapped some hands that sorely needed it. Up until now they have been very appropriate. But this month's edition goes against my grain.

In the past the people who have been tagged with these awards have been people who were generally a pain in the neck to society. But I fail to see by any stretch of the imagination how Mike Wallace falls into this category.

Can you in all sincerity at-

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HUMBUG, FEB., 1958, VOL. 1, NO. 7, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC., ED. OFFICE: 598 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C.; OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: DERBY, CONN. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT DERBY, CONN. POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY SUBMISSIONS. NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1958 BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN PEOPLE AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. SUBSCRIPTIONS: SEND TO HUMBUG, 598 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y. IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $2.00 FOR FOURTEEN ISSUES; ELSEWHERE ADD $3.00 FOR POSTAGE.

tack such interviews as those that were held with Frank Lloyd Wright and Margaret Sanger? I fail to see how. They were stimulating, enlightening, and down right good viewing.

This is not to say that Mike was not sensational in some of his interrogations. The fiascos with Mickey Cohen and Lili St. Cyr were not exactly tasteful. But let us judge a man on his merits, not his failings.

I feel that the prime purpose of Mike's show is to stimulate thought. And there are pitifully few shows on TV that do that sort of thing nowadays. It has never impressed me as poor taste to try to make people use their heads for something a little better than watching trite westerns. To me this show is a blessing.

For many years I have backed you on practically everything you did. Nothing you have ever printed has irritated or exasperated me. But on this issue I am afraid you have earned great horns from me. William Kastanotis
Lynn, Mass.

. . . what can you hope to gain by permitting a story like "Pagan Place" (L. Siegel, Oct '57 issue) to be printed? A heavy rebuke from responsible citizens, and a corresponding drop in your sales.

It is to your advantage to be critical of and not print so pitifully perverted material.
100% Sincerity St.
Ethics, U.S.A.

Our staff is generally clean and upstanding, but once in a while, the fools get hold of a book like Peyton Place which perverts them temporarily—ed.

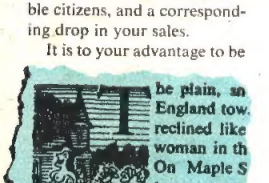
Do you ever plan a satire on Unions—especially the idea the Union Organizers had in the AFL-CIO of organizing a Union for Union Organizers. Mr. G. Meany absolutely refused to hear of such a thing. W J. Turner
Chicago, Illinois

. Please send me your new paper-bound HUMBUG Digest. Bob Taylor
Royal Oak, Mich.

The HUMBUG Digest, a paperback collection of the best from the early HUMBUGS can be bought for 40¢ directly from Ballantine Books at 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y., or read free at your neighborhood paperbook rack. Only put it back nice.

HUMBUG back issues are available at 20¢ per. You may buy them singly or in bulk packages of 1000. —ed.

As a fan, I devour every word of your fuddy magazine (with A-1 Sauce), and as a human being I am phrantically happy with your frippery. Keep it up. I would write more but I am busy counting Geigers with my Geiger counter and am working out details with an upside down owl for a Popsicle Ballet.
Doodles Weaver, The Gleep
KNXT Channel 2
Hollywood, Cal.



Pagan Place.

SEND JOHN KASPER TO THE MOON

A PETITION

The accompanying petition which was printed in issue #5 has brought a flood of signatures. Unfortunately, since the original printing, Mr. Kasper has been sent to jail instead of the moon. Nevertheless, we are forwarding the petition to the proper authorities so that Kasper can have a job and be useful when he gets out. —ed.

I really do think that John Kasper should go to the moon. But surely such an important man should have a secretary to take notes and make appointments for him.

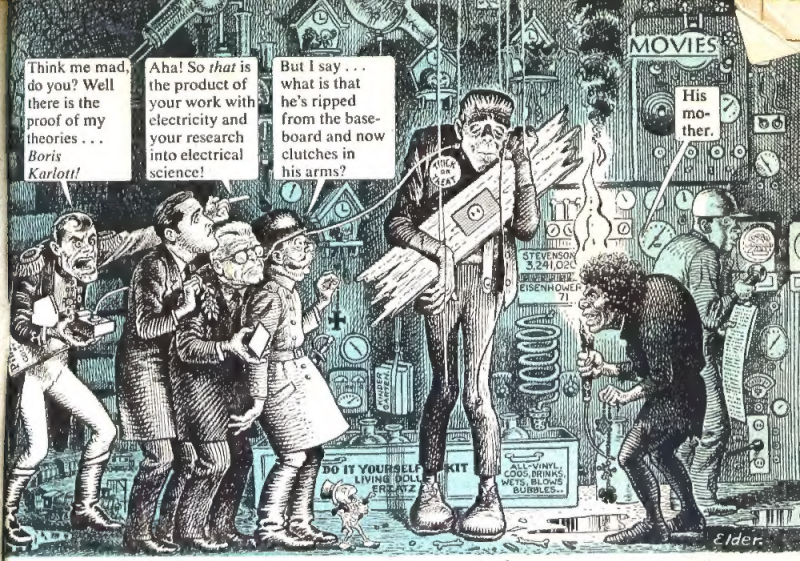
May I apply for this position? I am 5'5", weigh 119¼ lbs., brown hair and green eyes. I can type, take shorthand and have excellent references. Besides the fact that this will be an amazing experience, I also have developed a crush on John Kasper.

your magazine is terrific reading on these long winter nights (Miss) Rena Colburne
Langhorne, Pa.

Hmmm. —ed.

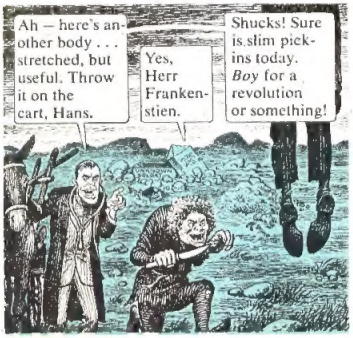
I also think it would be only fair to send someone else up as assistant Moon Ambassador. My vote is for Arthur Godfrey. Gary Moss
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address mail to HUMBUG
598 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

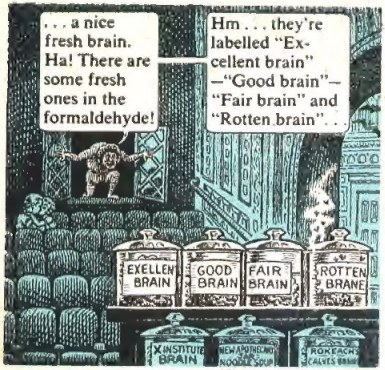

Think me mad, do you? Well there is the proof of my theories . . . *Boris Karlott!*
Aha! So *that* is the product of your work with electricity and your research into electrical science!
But I say . . . what is that he's ripped from the baseboard and now clutches in his arms?
MOVIES
His mother.
STEVENSON 3,241,025
EISENHOWER 71
DO IT YOURSELF LIVING DOLL FREAKZ KIT
ALL-VINYL GOOS, BRINKS, WETS, BLOWS BUBBLES...
Elder

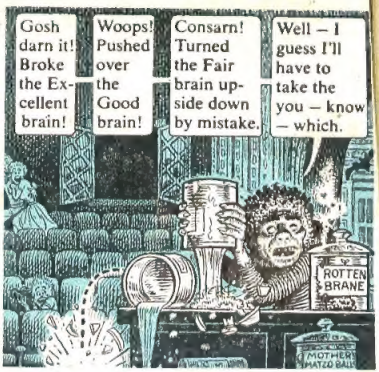
FRANKENSTIEN AND HIS MONSTER

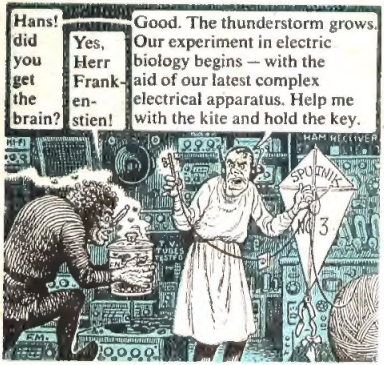
Television is reviving this twenty-five year old thriller which was made when scientific talk centered around simple electricity . . . not atomic energy. As the story opens, scientist Count Henry Von Frankenstien, a young, middle-European schvienhunt, is out on the moor gathering bodies for his work.


Ah – here's another body . . . stretched, but useful. Throw it on the cart, Hans.
Yes, Herr Frankenstien.
Shucks! Sure is slim pickins today. *Boy* for a revolution or something!

Careful, clumsy idiot! Do not pile them to one side!
Hoo – boy! What an assistant!
Why can't I have a clean-cut assistant?
Now Hans. Go to the medical college and steal a nice human brain.


. . . a nice fresh brain. Ha! There are some fresh ones in the formaldehyde!
Hm . . . they're labelled "Excellent brain" —"Good brain"— "Fair brain" and "Rotten brain".
EXELLEN BRAIN
GOOD BRAIN
FAIR BRAIN
ROTTEN BRANE
INSTITUTE BRAIN
NEW APOTHECARY NOODLE SOUP
ROACHES CALVES BRAIN

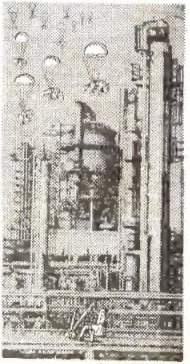

Gosh darn it! Broke the Excellent brain!
Woops! Pushed over the Good brain!
Consarn! Turned the Fair brain upside down by mistake.
Well — I guess I'll have to take the you — know — which.
ROTTEN BRANE
MOTHERS MATZO BALL

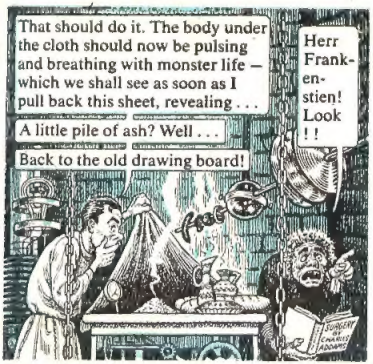

Hans! did you get the brain?
Yes, Herr Frankenstien!
Good. The thunderstorm grows. Our experiment in electric biology begins — with the aid of our latest complex electrical apparatus. Help me with the kite and hold the key.
HAM RECEIVER
SPUTNIK
3
TUBE TESTER

We must wait till the storm is at its peak so that we can get plenty lightning — which has secret electric ingredients.
Besides — it's scarier!
Get to your post, Hans!
I'm too scared.
Here goes the experiment!

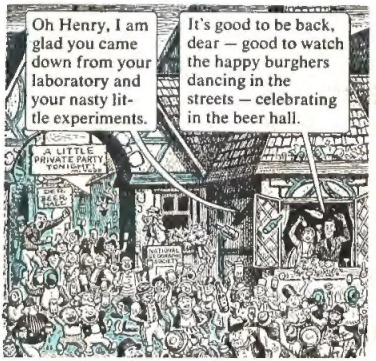
WOOD ALCOHOL

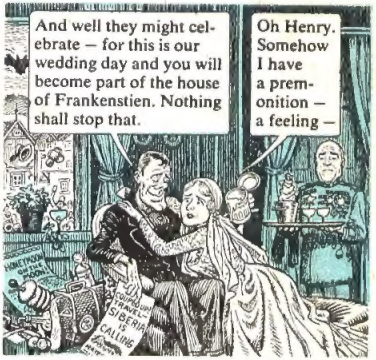
CATAGORIES
WINE
WOMEN
SONG
EVIL
BOOZY
VISES
MONSTERS
CRIME




That should do it. The body under the cloth should now be pulsing and breathing with monster life — which we shall see as soon as I pull back this sheet, revealing . . .
Herr Frankenstien! Look ! !
A little pile of ash? Well . . .
Back to the old drawing board!

By George it's the monster! He's alive!
It's a miracle! Born with clothes on . . . it's really a miracle. But he's ugly! Ugly! How can you stand him?
If I can stand you, — I can stand him. Come to think of it I can't stand you.
I'm going home to rest.
DON'T YOU WISH EVERY TAXI USED DIAL SOAP
SCIENTISTS WANT MORE MONEY FOR THEIR RESEARCH
INSTRUCTIONS! SEND DATA PROMPTLY! LOOK TO U.S. SCIENCE


Oh Henry, I am glad you came down from your laboratory and your nasty little experiments.
It's good to be back, dear — good to watch the happy burghers dancing in the streets — celebrating in the beer hall.
A LITTLE PRIVATE PARTY TONIGHT!
NATIONAL SOCIALISTS

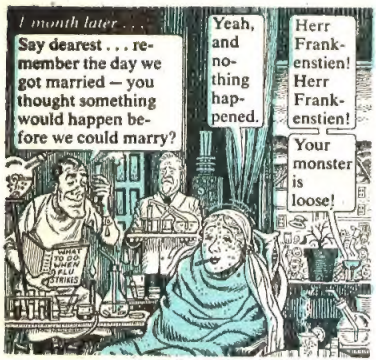

And well they might celebrate — for this is our wedding day and you will become part of the house of Frankenstien. Nothing shall stop that.
Oh Henry. Somehow I have a premonition — a feeling —
HOMETOWN BOOKS
SIREN CALLING

I have a feeling . . .
SOUVENIR OF HINDENBURG DISASTER

. . . that before we get a chance to marry . . .
LIKE THIS SUIT? S.S. BEAUTIFIC S.S. SAILING NOV. 6

CLIMB FOR BEAUTY

. . . something dreadful will happen!

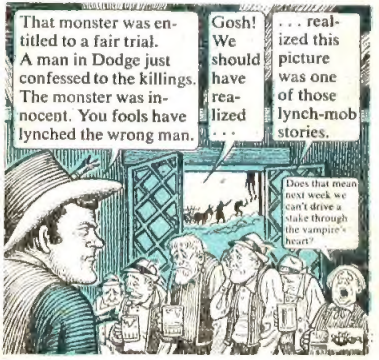

1 month later . . .
Say dearest . . . remember the day we got married — you thought something would happen before we could marry?
Yeah, and nothing happened.
Herr Frankenstien! Herr Frankenstien!
Your monster is loose!
WHAT TO DO WHEN FLU STRIKES

My monster is loose? Where did he go?
They say he killed Hans and drowned farmer Flauten's daughter.
Get torches!
Let's kill the monster!
There he goes!
After him!
CHARCOAL
GARLIC
SAUERKRAUT

Where is he?
We're about to come to grips with him!
How can you tell?
Paper Mache rocks! That means studio action!
He's going into the old mill.
Burn it down!

Ray!
The monster is burning up!
COMING SOON DON QUIXOTE
That's the end of him!
Let's go back to the beer-hall and have a drink.

We sure burned up that monster.
That'll teach them monster foreigners to leave our girls alone.
Did you say you killed the monster? Then I got back too late.
It's Sheriff Matt Dillon!


That monster was entitled to a fair trial. A man in Dodge just confessed to the killings. The monster was innocent. You fools have lynched the wrong man.
Gosh! We should have realized . . .
. . . realized this picture was one of those lynch-mob stories.
Does that mean next week we can't drive a stake through the vampire's heart?

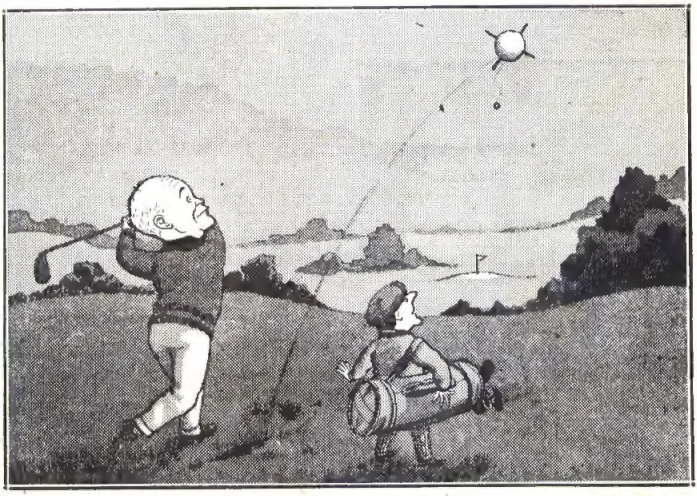
FINIS ★★★★ DAILY NUES 5¢

Registered according to Act of Passion, America's Leading Fiction Tabloid

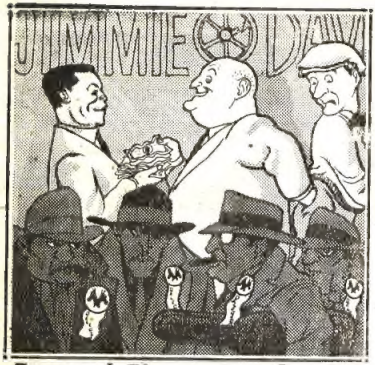
1957 IN REVUE

Nine Outstanding Shots From The Year Passed

Continued on next page



Russians Launch Sputnick Prize winning photo of Moscow's first space satellite taken at Newport golf course. Its decoded radio signal revealed only boring non-commercial programs. Authorities promised this satellite would *not* be admitted to the U.N.



Famed Financier Dave Beck retires as J. Hoffa is elected by impartial hirelings at Teamster elections.

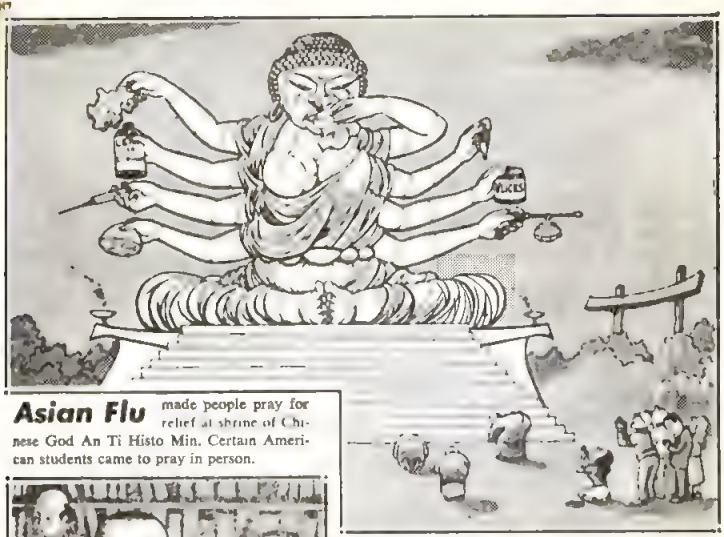
First ICBM was fired by the Russians. Other first firings were; Sputnick, Molotov, Malenkov, Zhukov.

Mike Todd's

Mad. Sq. Garden party, to chagrin of host, was widely regarded as a publicity stunt.

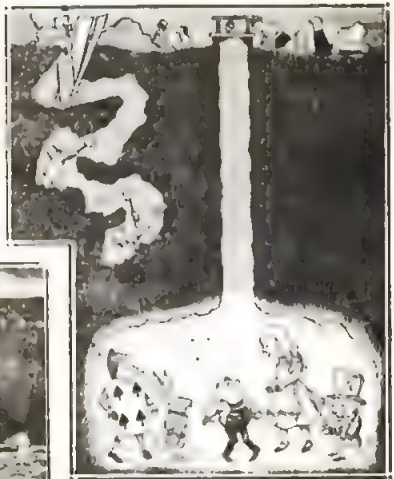
World Champ's

Lew Burdette won 3 games from Yanks. Spitball charges proved false. Inset shows ball filled with official *dry* sand.



Asian Flu made people pray for relief at shrine of Chinese God An Ti Histo Min. Certain American students came to pray in person.

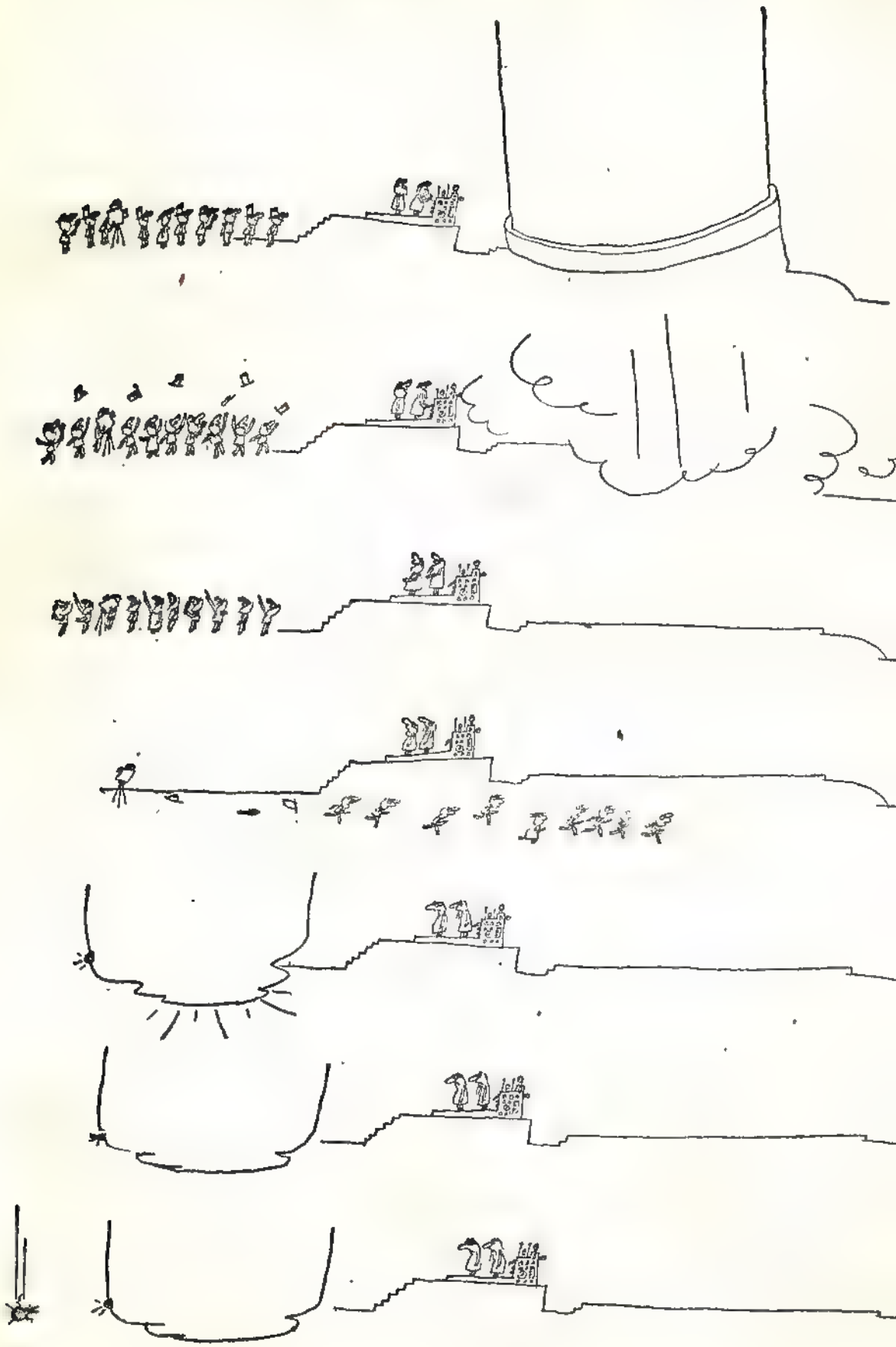
Literature by Robt. Harrison became required reading for stimulated jurors and judges.



Little Benny Hooper fell down a well. His tales of what he saw made doctors think he landed on head.

Mayflower II reenacted historic Pilgrim's voyage. Replica logged fairly good time despite the unfavorable winds.

ROCKET TO THE MOON



INGENUITY IN

PACKAGING

Clever ideas help business meet rising costs.

While encouraging a basic purpose is the attractive way a good product should be sold, and even greater role a package must play. It must help [illegible] costs and raise profits. It must, [illegible] make the customer feel he's still getting as much as he used to, while he is in fact getting a whole lot less.

Let's see how this magic is accomplished.

Chocolate bar in 1945

Same chocolate in 1950

Same chocolate in 1958

SEVEN RASCALLY PACKAGING TECHNIQUES

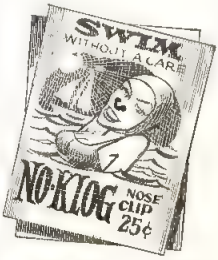
Prisms of bottle reflect contents all over. Actually only tiny bottom section is filled.

The old false-bottom idea (dotted line) is still an ingenious and perennial favorite.

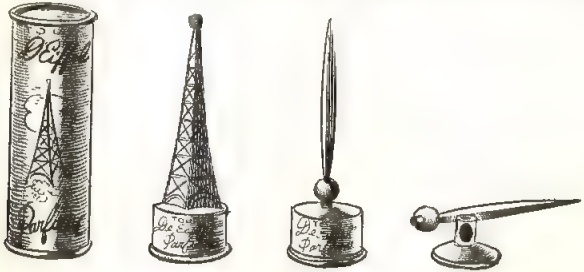
Product printed in full color on surface of bag hides fact only small portion is inside.

80% of inside pushbutton can is machinery. More profit is made on can than on product inside.

Classy package makes it possible to ask 25¢. Unadorned, it sells five for a nickel.



Clipping product onto a large attractive card makes small item really look important.



Perfume container holds container holding container containing impressive drop of perfume.

misleading COLUMNS

In going through some of the newspaper columns recently, we made a startling discovery. Many of the columnists are cheating. They are advertised as one thing, but they're really another. To show you what we mean, the following are five different type columnists, each of whom is not what he is being paid to be.

A LOVELORN COLUMN: Abigail Van Boren is assigned to ease the aching hearts. However, careful examination of her column reveals it is actually a humor feature.

DEAR ABIE

Her Flame: A Fireman Without Spark

DEAR ABIE: I am madly in love with a young fireman. He has no parents, is poor, and recently contracted beri-beri. Doctors told him he has just a month to live. But I want to marry him anyway. He loves me but insists that we don't marry. We have decided to bank our whole lives on your decision. Should I let him die unloved? Or marry him and at least bring a few weeks of happiness to this poor young fireman?
PUZZLED

DEAR PUZZLED: I don't know. But just for kicks, why don't you ask him why he wears red suspenders? I've got a punch line that'll kill him.

■

DEAR ABIE: My fiance, Peter, my friend, Anna, and I are Hungarians. Recently we escaped into Austria. At present our situation is desperate. We have not been able to adjust to the new environment. Peter has no job so he has decided to return to Hungary, even though it means certain death. Anna said she will go with him, but I have decided not to return. If I don't go, Peter will marry Anna. I have just flown in from Vienna to await your answer. For the love of God, what should I do?
UNSETTLED

DEAR UNSETTLED: Just flew in from Vienna? I'll bet your arms are tired.

■

DEAR ABIE: I have an inferiority complex because I am a short 4'3". Fortunately my fiance, Murray, loves short girls; in fact, the shorter the better. Murray, unfortunately, happens to be a bookmaker. However, I love and respect bookmakers. Murray's parents are unreasonable, and want to live with us after we're married. But we both love his unreasonable parents and *want* them to live with us. So as you see, we have no problems. But tell us a joke anyway.
ADJUSTED

DEAR ADJUSTED: What's shaped like a box, smells like lox, and flies? Give up? A flying lox box!

■

CONFIDENTIAL TO "UNCERTAIN": To get to the other side.

■

CONFIDENTIAL TO "FAN": No, Bob Hope hasn't asked me. But he probably has enough writers anyway. I'm glad you think I'm such a scream. But if you really want to howl, catch me some time at the theatre when I sit in the audience and yell, "Fire!"

NEW YORK NUES WEDNESDAY

Shrin New Wa

Science Fi Relieves

For the fi new healing a ability to shri pain — without

In case afte pain, actual place.

Most amazi thorough that statements lik problem!"

The secret (Bio-Dyne®) research insti

This substa *pository* or o *Preparation H* ers—money ba

WARN

Statement requ red 233] showing the and addresses of Harvey Kurzman, must be stated and stock. If not owned porated firm, its Conn. Harvey Ku Rochelle, N Y A total amount of b holder or secur ty for whom such trus cerd tions under w a capacity othe September, 1952

Dandy 950

A TV-RADIO COLUMN: Although a little brownie often sneaks radio and TV items into Nick Kennedy's column, the *real* Nick writes social items and heart-warming poetry.

WOV—1280
WJLK—1510
WBNX—1330
WNIR—1430
WHOM—1460
WQXR—1550
WWRL—1600

TO 2 P.M.

Jack Sterling
First Call
unrise Serenade
Pulse
hn Gambling
Herb Anderson
ike Manners
News, Bob Wilson
ews, Sterling
Herb Anderson
ews, Pulse
ews, Sterling
de
unrise Serenade
ed Brown
n Gambling
ews Roundup
ws, Sterling
Pulse
Morning Star
News, Pulse
News Roundup
George Skinner
News, Robinson
Jack Sterling
Dorothy and Dick
News, Pulse
News, Wilson
ews, Clark
ews
Breakfast Club
Masterwork Hour
Pulse
im Lowe
ond Breakfast
artha Wright
hn Gambling
ews, Consequ'ces
rthur Godfrey
ws, Gladstone
My True Story
Art Ford
Martha Deane
Refrigtr'd

NICK KENNEDY

Blla Hrskwts To Sing Nick's Great Songs

BLLA HRSKWTS, the Tibetan tenor, sings your Uncle Nick's songs for my favorite charity this Fri. It's the Dey Street Bocci Party For Stuttering Trash Haulers. I told Blla, "You will sing so others may talk."

●

SATURDAY is the Bar Mitzvah of Wong Mittleman, at the Hong Kong Jewish Center. Don't miss it!

●

DIP YOUR PEN in sunbeams and write to these shut-ins: John Kasper, at Nashville County Workhouse . . . G. M. Malenkov, Omsk Hydro-Electric Plant, Omsk, Siberia . . .

●

TODAY IS THE BIRTHDAY OF Wolfgang Skutz, Mingtoy Opp, Eddie Schlossberg, Louis Pasteur, Seymour Getzoff, Patsy Simonelli, and the wedding anniversary of the Mandel Dymms, and the third Salk Shot due for the Al McCoys

My Exterminator

When I'm howlin' and I'm screamin'
Cause the rats all squeak and snap,
Who's there to teach me patience,
And how to shut my trap?
My exterminator.
Though a man of fire at mouse's hole,
A hot ng, killing whizz
Still a humble, loving, trustful soul
My exterminator is
When the Master Mouser calls him
To that Big House up Above,
He'll bring along his Kit of Kindness
And sprdy the whole wide world with Love.
My exterminator

NICK KENNEDY

THE FOUR C

Hugh 'Big
became famou
to Godfrey. "

A GOSSIP COLUMN: Hy Garner is not a gossip columnist. He is more of a brother and confidant with everybody in the world just loving to talk to him, any time, any place.

HY GARNER CALLING

Double Check and Triple Check

THE TIP-OFF: **Pres. Eisenhower** will manage a supermarket in 1961 . . . THE CHECK-UP: "It's so nice of you to call and check that item, Hy," said **Ike.** "Especially at 2 a.m., when you're so busy. I do hope your family's well. As of now, Hy, I don't think I'll go in the supermarket business, but please call again tomorrow; things may change. Take care of yourself, Hy. I'll have to hang up now. It's a bit draughty, and I want to get back in that tub."

* * *

THE TIP-OFF: Artist **John Hall** will leave for Russia to join the **Communist Party** . . . THE CHECK-UP: "I'm tickled to hear from you, Hy," writes **John Hall.** "Actually, though, I'm not leaving for Russia, I'm leaving for *Brushes.* Paint brushes; I'm out of them. Also, I'm not joining the **Communist Party.** I'm joining **Carmen Nast's** party . . . a cocktail party. Hope to see you as soon as I'm released by the Un-American committee. Best wishes, John."

CHALI
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Dieticians
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The ma
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Four Con
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Would you
grand bunch
whose lates
of Ages," o
is a solid cl
Seymour
discovered
and after
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Seymour i
Warren
his bu

THE SPORTS COLUMN: Sportswriter Jimmy Connan enjoys making witty, pithy comments on every conceivable phase of life, with one exception: He often forgets sports.

don Now

e must play. It
profits. It must,

e" Hitler was
ry shop and was
ooked in Sing
in the big time
is the baritone in

smells like lox,
p? A flying lox
victs first got to-
food strike in the
all They were
each other, and
ked their glasses

Champ

JIMMY CONNAN

NOBODY ASKED ME BUT I'M TELLING YOU:

It's all over, when your broad runs off to Australia, has five kids, and sends you time bombs in the mail.

I find eye charts dull.

Fat guys with skinny legs are always named Charlie, or something else.

Next time you plan to assassinate Prime Minister MacMillan, count me out.

I always feel a girl is knocking her guy when she refers to him in company as, "You gahdamn stupid idiot!"

I never read books about lame blacksmiths who get married in zeppelins.

Don't see much of Woodrow Wilson anymore.

When I was a kid, we used to call ice cream cones ice cream cones.

Somehow I don't trust tall men in pin-striped suits with handkerchiefs over their mouths and pistols in their hands.

Druggists' prescriptions make lousy movie scripts

Adolph Hitler was my idea of a selfish man

A BROADWAY COLUMN: Walter Winshield is really a code expert, whose unbreakable code in his column will be used to transmit messages from the American Sputnick.

RRAY
ERMAN

lumbug?'
ind order

demand at
cial atten-
lar large
chassis on

MBUG

Walter Winshield

of New York

Hotbeat.

Gendarmes tell me Bway limp-wristers in '58 double '57. Hmf! (Whoops, m'dear) . . . Comred Chaplin sez he 'n Unk Sam are Phffft (Good Riddance, Good Rattance, Good Reddence) . . . T. M. and frau took Renovocaine (Dot's nize) . . . Guess WWhose TV'er is Trendexterminating 'em (Cockle-Doodle-Doo!) . . . Isn't Ike prepping a bombshell that'll make the comrats rilly see RED? (Eisenhower bout that!) . . . Oilionaire Kevin O'Shea and frau, she's a Copa chirper, are closerthanthis again. Infanticipating? Hmmm? (Oil's Well! Whoopee! Mazelton! and Begorra!) . . .

*translation . . . Police authorities says that effeminate gentlemen on Broadway this year are twice that of last year (I find that interesting) . . . Charlie Chaplin insists he won't return to the U.S. (I'm pleased) . . . Tommy Manville and his wife got divorced . . . My TV show is doing fairly well (I'm gratified) . . . The President may upset Russia with a plan he has in mind. . .Oilwell owner Kevin O'Shea and his estranged songstress wife are acting compatible and may be expecting a child (I'm happy for them) . . .

SPORTS

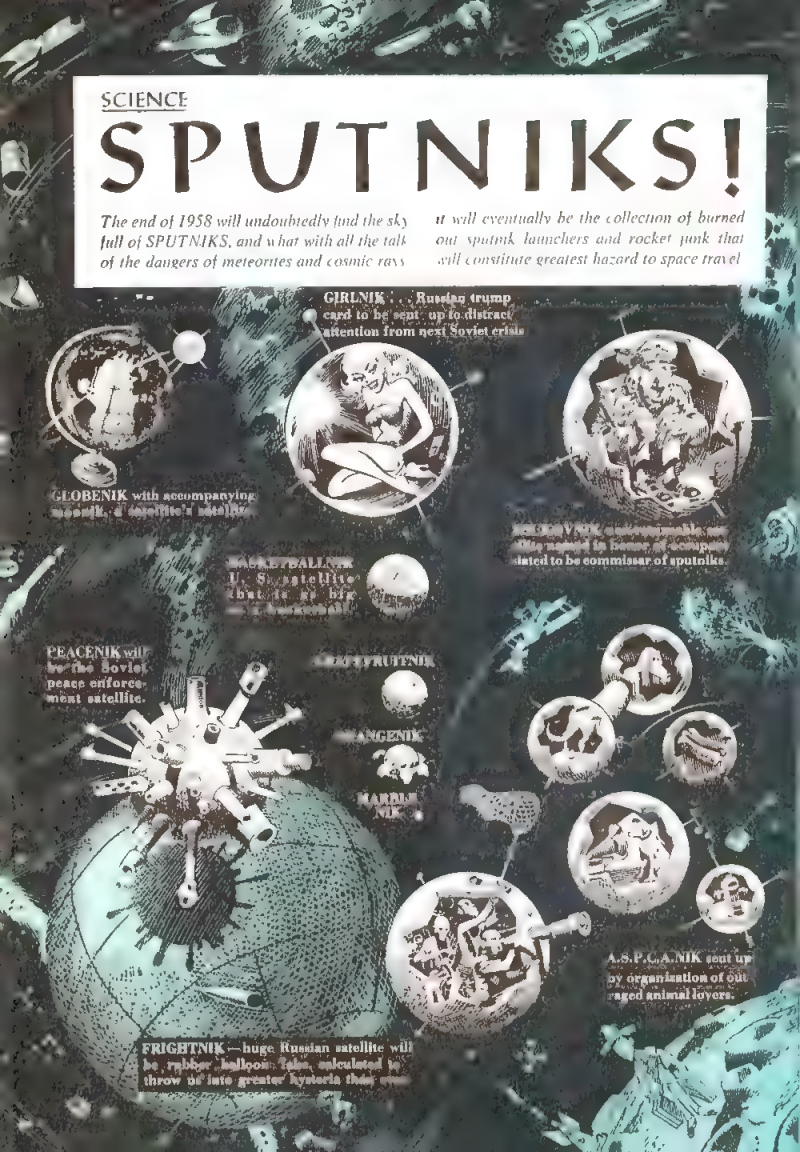
INDOOR TRACK

This winter, as usual, track activities move indoors gathering College, Independent and Olympic stars to run in our great, cold, drafty arenas. Using the maximum space in these crowded indoor stadiums, the winter meets will no doubt bring many thrills and chills and tragedies.

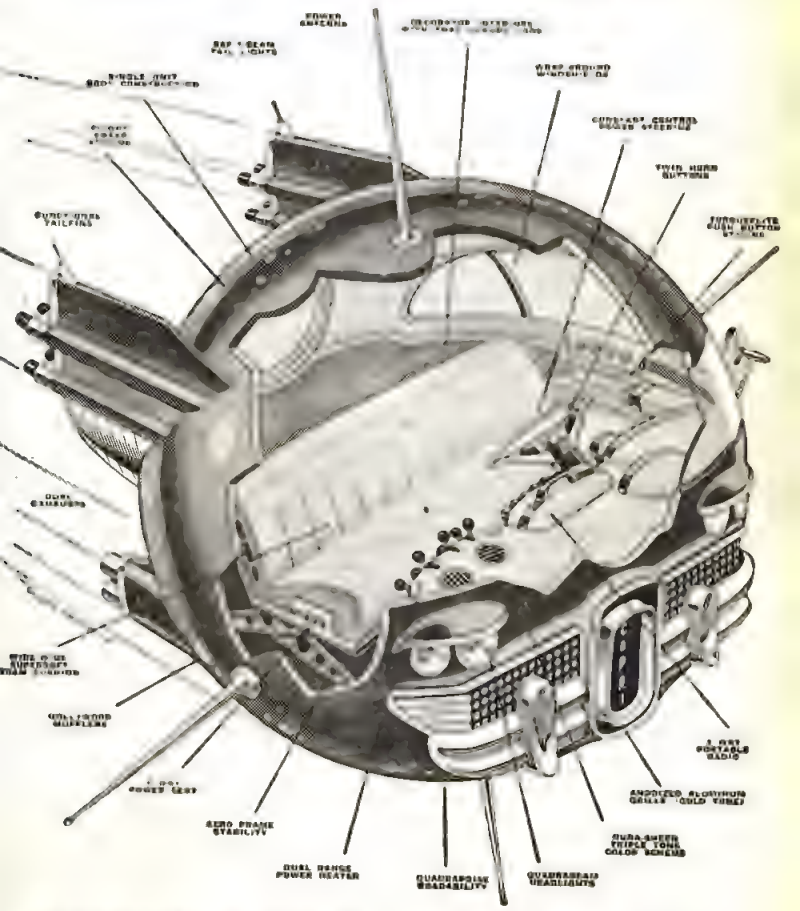
SCIENCE

SPUTNIKS!

The end of 1958 will undoubtedly find the sky full of SPUTNIKS, and what with all the talk of the dangers of meteorites and cosmic rays it will eventually be the collection of burned out sputnik launchers and rocket junk that will constitute greatest hazard to space travel


GIRLNIK . . . Russian trump card to be sent up to distract attention from next Soviet crisis
GLOBENIK with accompanying moonik, a satellite's satellite
PEACENIK will be the Soviet peace enforcement satellite.
FRIGHTNIK—huge Russian satellite will be rubber balloon type, calculated to throw us into greater hysteria than ever
A.S.P.C.A.NIK sent up by organization of outraged animal lovers.

Humbug's own design for an American satellite (Mark III)



Our satellite should be long and low in design, with get-away power enabling it to effortlessly pass other satellites.

Beauty and prestige will be ours as others notice that look no other satellite has . . . *the FORWARD look.*

THE LOST CHORD CASE. Mystery surrounds the death of the famous pianist. As is the case with so many unsolved murders, the clues lead in many directions. The illustration above shows the 1918 Count Basie band — all of whom are under suspicion.

THE EDITORS OF
HUMBUG
PRESENT A NEW SERIES

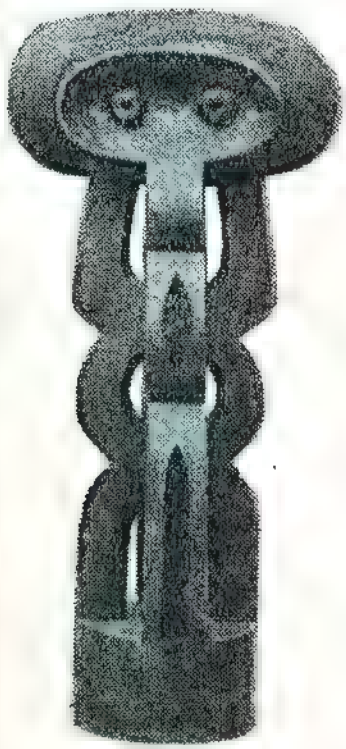
CRIME IN U.S.A.

PART ONE
FAMOUS UNSOLVED CRIMES

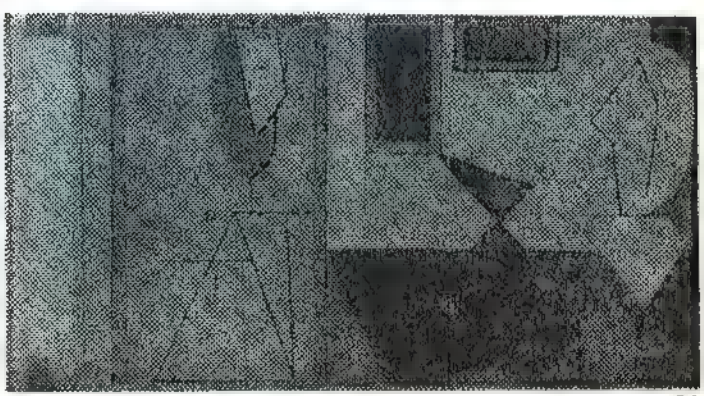
Some time ago, *another* famous magazine called Life ran a series similar to this one but left many aspects of crime untouched; aspects we intend to cover here in the same modern style, starting with smart modern-type drawings of famous unsolved crimes. One look at illustrations will show why crimes remained unsolved.

GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY. A train of mushrooms and people disappeared. Detectives hope for solution since mushrooms may still be good.

MYSTERY CRIME illustration below will make anyone suspect a crime is involved. Which crime—we don't know, but we're working on it.



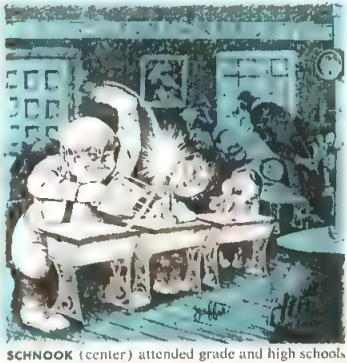
WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN CASE. Prime suspect, above, was arrested and released for lack of recognition by witnesses.



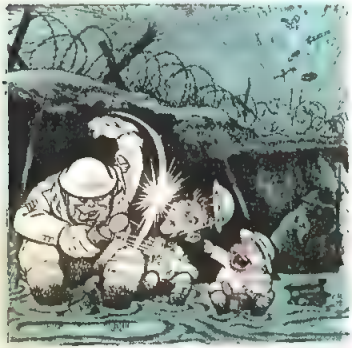
WHAT MAKES A MAN TURN TO CRIME

Psychiatry has opened many doors of knowledge into the intricate machinations of the human mind, particularly pertaining to the subconscious impulses and motivations that seem to lead certain individuals inexorably towards a life of crime. We have chosen here a typical documented case history, that of B. M. Schnook, to illustrate the psychological influences that criminally affects human behaviour.

B. M. SCHNOOK (center), grew up in a normal, average, middle-class family of the post civil war era.



SCHNOOK (center) attended grade and high schools and was a normal average student in every respect.

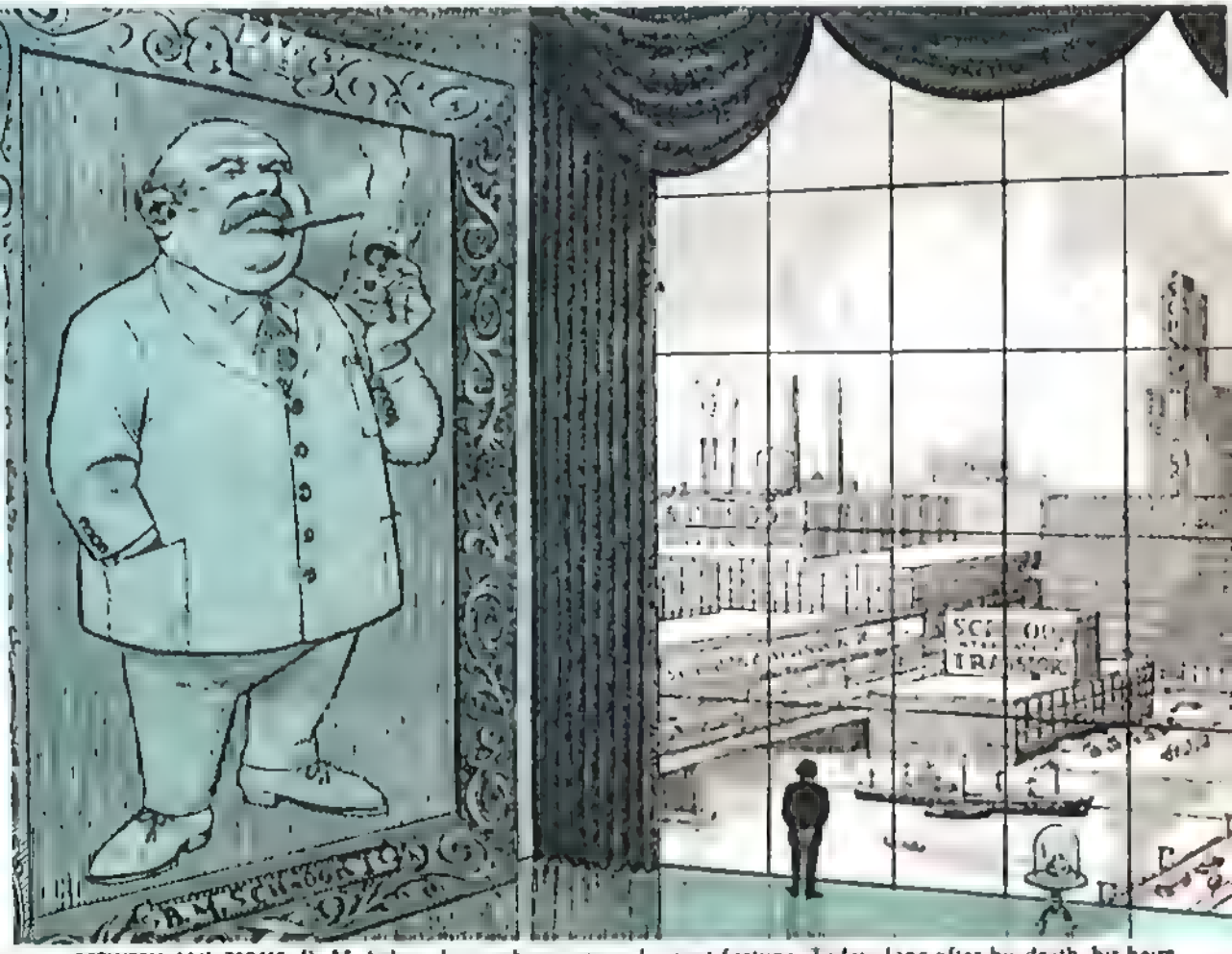


SCHNOOK (center) was drafted and his experiences were much like those of millions of other doughboys.

AFTER THE WAR, Schnook (center) became an average hardworking family-man with the usual problems.

THEN ONE DAY, without any apparent provocation B. M. Schnook (center) suddenly turned to violent crime.

NATURALLY he was punished... and yet he returned to bigger and bigger acts of criminality time and again.

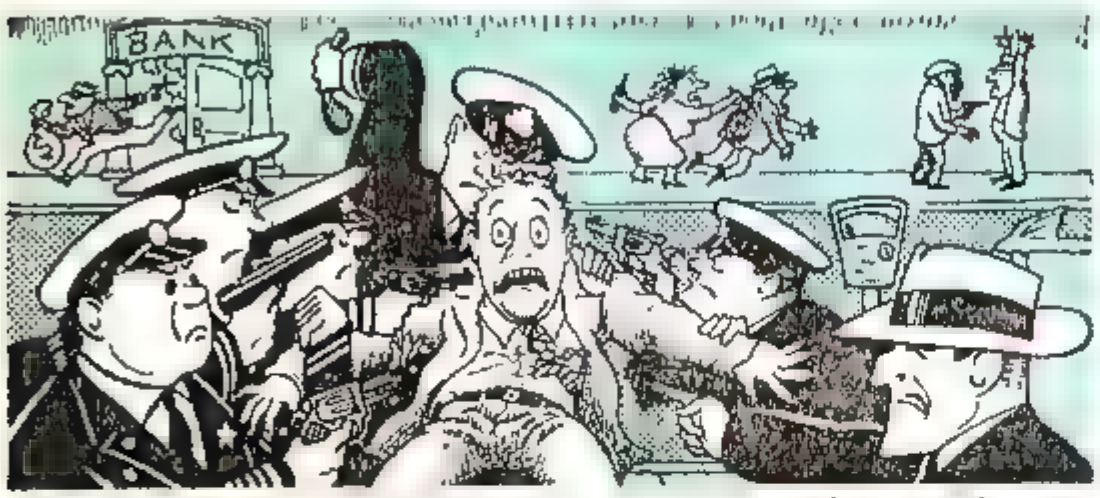


BETWEEN JAIL TERMS, B. M. Schnook somehow amassed a vast fortune. Today, long after his death, his heirs often gaze out at the Schnook empire and wonder just what it was that made the old fellow turn to a life of crime.

PART THREE

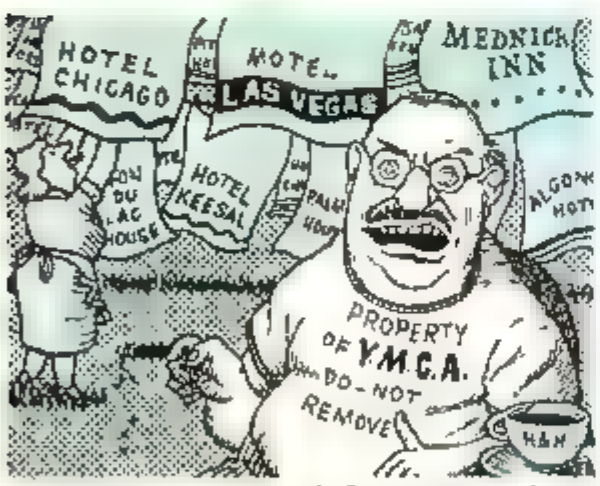
A MODEL POLICE FORCE

Crime often relates to a city's police department. A new approach toward crime, using modern technology and understanding, has made the police force at Goes, Ohio, the nation's best. Police Chief A. Pilfer operates all of the city's rackets. This helps to contain crime and also supplements his modest civil-service income.



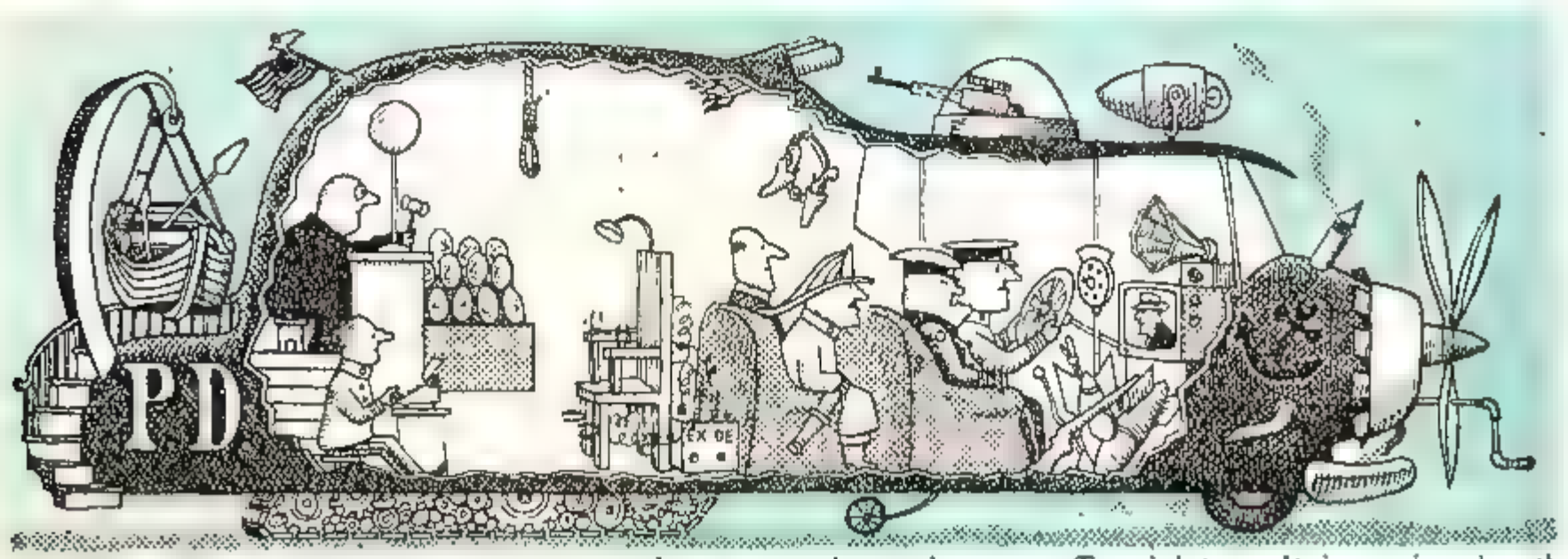
EFFICIENT POLICE DEPARTMENT ever on alert, makes speedy capture of motorist trying to force bent nickel into parking meter.

CHIEF PILFER is responsible for the city's new approach to crime.



JUDGE BLATANT of Goes, promises I'll stop petty thievery or know why.

MODERN POLICE TECHNIQUES bring sure results here where first-offense jay walker is interviewed by trained police psychologists.



MODERN, JET, AMPHIBIOUS PATROL CAR brings speedy justice to traffic violators. It is equipped with nuclear weapons, judge, jury, clerk and cash register. This efficient service avoids overcrowding of courts.

The unrecognized

ASPIRIN WAR

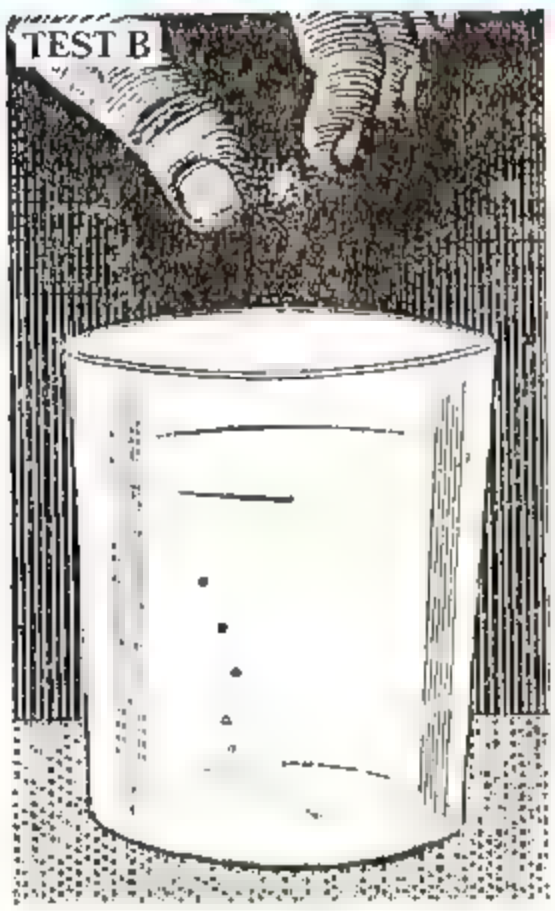
The tests illustrated on these pages are familiar outward signs of an unseen commercial war being waged even as we speak.

To understand the Great Aspirin War one must understand its background first. For many years the Bayar Aspirin people enjoyed a virtual monopoly in the pain relieving field. Then along came the Bufferine group to challenge their leadership.

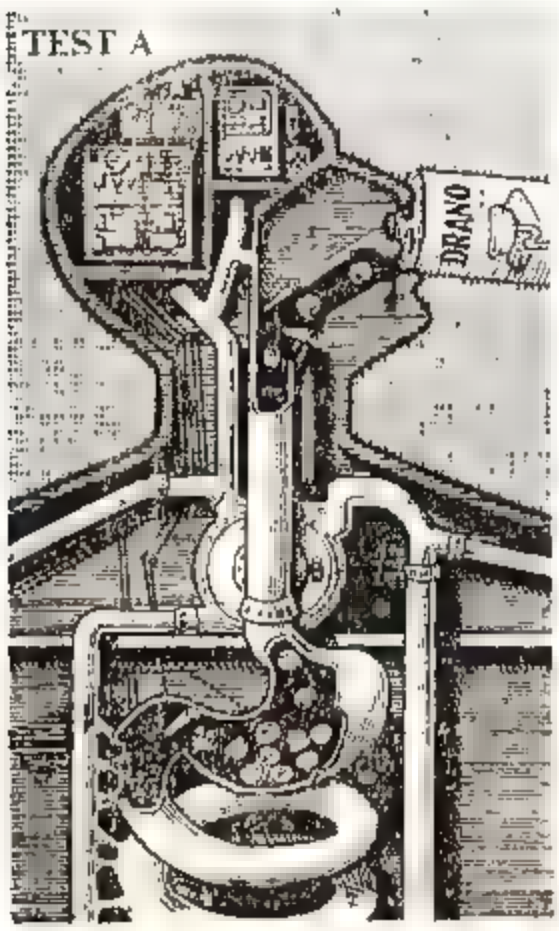
The Bufferine camp started their campaign with a bombshell. They showed that the general concept of anatomy i.e.: flesh, blood, bones, etc., was as out of date as thinking the world was flat. They brought forth illustrative proof that the body was actually composed of plumbing. They, of course, had a medicine that effectively treated this plumbing. This gave the Bayar Aspirin side a pretty big headache. But they came back fighting.

They threw thousands into a campaign, showing a statue's head in their ads, thus proving the classic Greek sculpture concept of anatomy was far more attractive than pipes. By now the fray was a free-for-all. Others, like Anacine, jumped in to claim that the head did not contain brains but instead had three little boxes that made a lot of noise that only Anacine could stop.

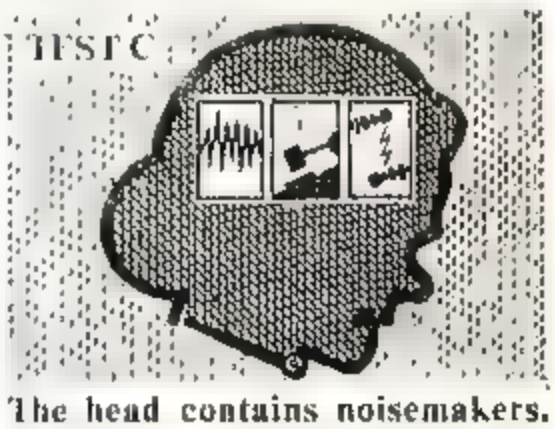
Today, the battleground ever widens, and there is cause for apprehension. We can only pray the UN doesn't act too late.



Dissolve record. Bayar Aspirin dissolved before reaching glass.



For going thru pipes and drains, Drano worked twice as fast.



The head contains noisemakers.

Anacine cleared things in head.

Others tested, upset stomach.

PAIN RELIEF SPEED TEST ON ACTUAL PEOPLE IN ACTUAL PAIN

Conducted by impartial, independent, newly billed research organizations.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin clinically controlled test.

Quick dissolve properties go to work instantly.

Total pain relief

BUFFERINE

inks as it ricochets thru pipeworks.

The big gripe at PTA meetings today is that such reading matter as Dickie Dare and Dick and Jane are not important and educational enough for elementary school kids. Here's how LARRY SIEGEL proposes first-graders be exposed to the world's important literature.

Fun with HAMLET & his friends

by William Shakespeare

See the man. What a funny man. His name is Hamlet. He is a prince. He is sad. Why are you sad, Hamlet?

"I am sad, for my father has died," says Hamlet. "My father was the king."

Where are you going, Hamlet?

"I am going to the castle," says Hamlet.

On the way he meets a ghost. "Where are you going?" asks the ghost.

"I am going to the castle," says Hamlet.

"Boo boo," says the ghost.

"What is your name, you silly ghost?" asks Hamlet, clapping his hands.

"I am your father," says the ghost. "I was a good king. Uncle Claudius is a bad king. He gave me poison. Would you like poison?"

"Oh, no," says Hamlet. "I would not like poison."

"Will you avenge me, Hamlet?" asks the ghost.

"Oh, yes," says Hamlet. "I will avenge you. What fun it will be to avenge you."

On the way he meets a girl.

"Where are you going?" asks the girl.

"I am going to the castle," says Hamlet.

"Ha ha," says the girl.

"What is your name?" asks Hamlet.

"My name is Ophelia," says the girl.

"Why are you laughing?" asks Hamlet. "You are a silly goose."

"I laugh because you are so funny," says Ophelia. "I laugh because you are schizophrenic. Are you not schizophrenic?"

"I am not a schizophrenic," says Hamlet, laughing and clapping his hands. "I pretend I am a schizophrenic. I pretend, for I want to fool my Uncle. What fun it is to pretend I am a schizophrenic."

See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, run.

He is going to his mother's room.

"I have something to tell you, mother," says Hamlet. "Uncle Claudius is bad. He gave my father poison. Poison is not good. I do not like poison. Do you like poison?"

"Oh no, indeed!" says his mother. "I do not like poison."

"Oh, there is Uncle Claudius," says Hamlet. "He is hiding behind the curtain. Why is he hiding behind the curtain? I shall stab him. What fun it will be to stab him through the curtain."

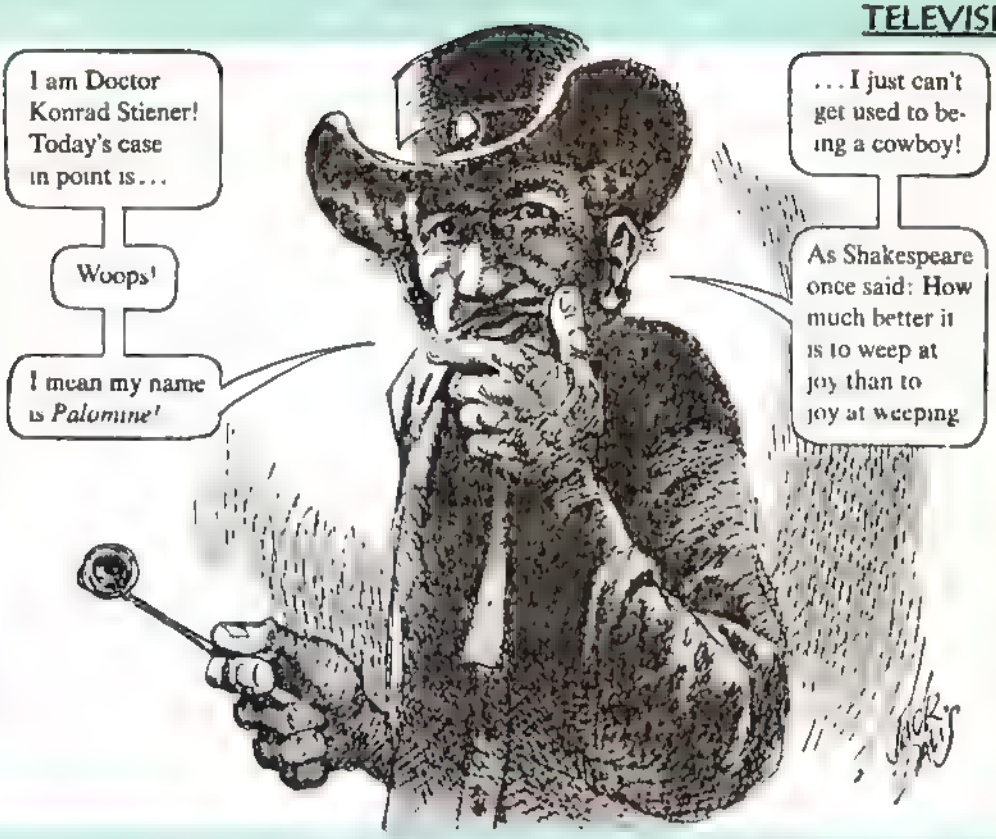
See Hamlet draw his sword. See Hamlet stab.

Stab, Hamlet, stab.

See Uncle Claudius's blood. See Uncle Claudius's blood gush.

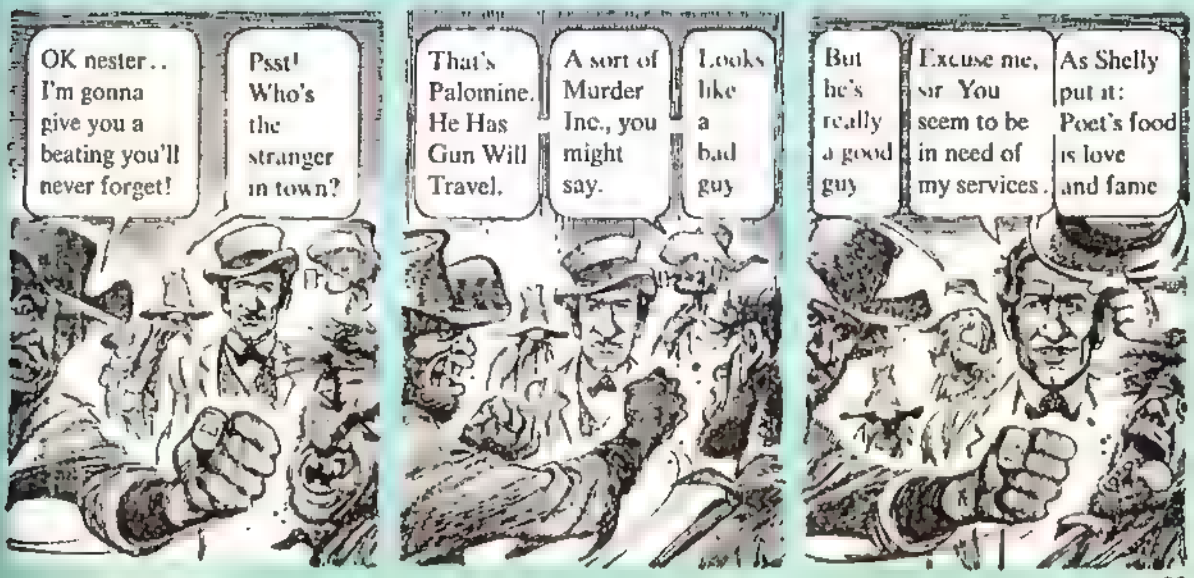
Gush, blood, gush.

continued on page 32


I am Doctor Konrad Stiener! Today's case in point is...
Woops!
I mean my name is *Palomine!*
...I just can't get used to being a cowboy!
As Shakespeare once said: How much better it is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping

HAVE GUN YOU BETTER TRAVEL

Where will it all end? This latest t.v. horse opera makes us wonder. Just think...if all of these stories were true, the West would be some place. You couldn't walk into a town square without a 'draw' scene going on.


OK nester.. I'm gonna give you a beating you'll never forget!
Psst! Who's the stranger in town?
That's Palomine. He Has Gun Will Travel.
A sort of Murder Inc., you might say.
Looks like a bad guy
But he's really a good guy
Excuse me, sir You seem to be in need of my services.
As Shelly put it: Poet's food is love and fame

For a fee, I'll hit that little fellow for you . . . here is my card.
I also have a little colored brochure describing my services . . . with a handy plastic calender.
Also a rate card, self-addressed . . .
HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL
WIRE PALOMINE BRONX BAKER SOUTH
. . . which you can mail, and be billed later. For $200 I'll "take care" of this young man.
I thought you said he's a good guy.
He's a *bad* good guy — that is — he looks bad but he's actually good but bad good with good badness.
Although he seems bad, in the end he'll be a good guy.
Now he goes away to a telephone booth to put on his black costume . . .
. . . his black hat, guns, boots, pants, shirt, holster, with special insignia
WAIT!
WAIT!
Not *that* black hat, guns, boots, etc. and insignia!
There, now I've got on the right uniform. Now — where's that good guy?
He's in the square, Mr. Palomine, havin' a showdown with the bad-guy!
Bad guy! I'm gonna settle accounts now! Let's see how fast your gun is?
That's too bad for you, good guy, cause *I'm* the faster gun.
Just hold on boys . . . cause I'm a faster gun than the both of you
Now watch, he'll prove he's a good guy!
Ibsen said Marriage is a thing you've got to give your whole mind to

That's mighty interesting mister, 'cause I come from out of town to look for a faster gun to prove I'm the fastest gun!
My friends call me Wyatt . . . and you boys are all wrong. Actually . . . *I'm* the fastest gun.
Don't try anything. In Dodge, they can tell ya . . . I, Matt Dillon am the fastest gun!
Tiyo Kimosavee! I'm the the fastest gun!
Me — Jim Hardie, I'm the fastest gun!
Me — Vint Bonner, I'm the fastest gun!
Me — Gene Autry !
Me!
Me!
Somebody send up a Sputnik so's we can distract from this mess!
I, Seymour Mednick am slowest gun . . but am shootingest gun!
POW
Blam!
Blam!
BAM
Ping
Foom
Boom
Nice going Palomine! But how come you beat everybody else to the draw? Bad guys – like you – never beat to the draw!
Don't worry. He'll prove he's a good guy.
Tell the truth, I stayed out of range with a high-powered rifle
Well I have to go now.
They've hired me for a job in New York I've got an appointment in a barbershop to give a fellow a trim . . fellow by name of Anastasia.
As Lord Byron put it: What's drinking? A mere pause from thinking?
You know— I'm beginning to think may be he isn't such a good guy.

continued from page 28

See Uncle Claudius fall. How funny he looks, stabbed.

Ha, Ha, Ha.

But it is not Uncle Claudius.

It is Polonius. Polonius is Ophelia's father.

What fun Hamlet is having.

"You are naughty, Hamlet," says Hamlet's mother. "You have stabbed Polonius."

But Hamlet's mother is not cross. She loves Hamlet. He is a good boy.

And Hamlet loves his mother. She is a good mother. Hamlet loves his mother very much. Hamlet loves his mother very, very much.

Does Hamlet love his mother a little too much?

Perhaps.

See Hamlet run. Run, Hamlet, run.

Where are you going, Hamlet?

"I am going to find Uncle Claudius."

On the way he passes a brook. In the brook he sees Ophelia. Ophelia is drowning.

"Where are you going?" asks Ophelia.

"I am going to find Uncle Claudius."

"Glub glub," says Ophelia.

On the way he meets a man.

"Where are you going?" asks the man.

"I am going to find Uncle Claudius."

"Oh ho. I am Laertes," says the man. "Let us draw our swords. Let us duel."

"I don't think I am going to find Uncle Claudius," says Hamlet.

See Hamlet and Laertes duel.

See Laertes stab Hamlet.

See Hamlet stab Laertes.

See Hamlet's mother drink poison.

See Hamlet stab King Claudius.

See everybody wounded and bleeding and dying and dead.

What fun they are having!

Wouldn't you like to play like that?

☆ ☆ ☆ THE GRAND HUMBUG AWARD ☆ ☆ ☆

Commander Faubus holds the line against the mighty foe (upper r.) before the arrival of foreign troops causes disorderly retreat . . .

Devoted to those showing leadership beyond the reach of any reason, this page honors . . .

ORVAL FAUBUS

HUMBUG HERO OF 1957

*FINGERS!

We'll draw after I finish reading my Humbug!

*CHICKEN, UNCLE, FINS

That bad-guy is smart. He knows bad-guys always lose the draw and he'll miss reading HUMBUG. Don't you miss reading HUMBUG. Subscribe.

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO HUMBUG. I AM ENCLOSING $2.00 FOR THE NEXT FOURTEEN ISSUES.

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STREET_____

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